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A Second
Book of English Poetry
for the Young

*Arranged for Secondary
and High Schools by*

W. H. WOODWARD

Professor of Education in the University of Liverpool

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PREFATORY NOTE.

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W. H. W.

December 1903.

PART II.

THE BALLAD OF CHEVY CHACE

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all,
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chace befall,
To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Percy took his way,
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day
The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take,
The chiefest harts in Chevy Chace
To kill and bear away
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay,
Who sent Earl Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport
The English Earl not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort

THE BALLAD OF CHIEFY CHACE

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim then shafts aight

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow deer
On Monday they began to hunt,
Ere daylight did appear,

And long before high noon they had
An hundred fat bucks slain,
Then, having dined, the drivers went
To rouse the deer again

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take,
That with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make

Lord Percy to the quarry went
To view the slaughtered deer,
Quoth he "Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here

"But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay"
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come;
His men in armour bright,
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight,

"All men of pleasant Tivy dale,
Fast by the river Tweed"
"O, cease your sports," Earl Percy said,
"And take your bows with speed

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance,
For there was never champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear"

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company
Whose armour shone like gold

"Show me," said he, "whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow deer?"

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy he
Who said "We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be,

"Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay"
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say,

"Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die
I know thee well, and earl thou art,
Lord Percy, so am I

"But trust me, Percy, pity 't were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill

"Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside"

"Accursed be he," Earl Percy said,
"By whom this is denied"

Then stept a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said "I would not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

"That e'er my captain fought on foot
And I stood looking on
You be two Earls," said Witherington,
"And I a squire alone,

"I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand"

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true,
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness was there found,
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground

At last these two stout Earls did meet,
Like captains of great might
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
Bedewed their armour bright

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said,
"In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James our Scottish King,

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see"

"No, Douglas," quoth Earl Percy then,
Thy proffer I do scorn,
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born"

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow,

Who never spake more words than these,
"Fight on, my merry men all,
For why? my life is at an end,
Lord Percy sees my fall"

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand,
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land"

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percy

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight,

And passed the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear,
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble Earl was slain,

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree,
An arrow of a cloth yard long
Up to the head drew he

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So nigh the shaft he set,
The grey goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun,
For when they rang the evening bell
The battle scarce was done

Of fifteen hundred English men,
Went home but fifty-three,
The rest were slain in Chevy Chace,
Under the green-wood tree

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail,
They washed their wounds in burnish tears,
But all would not prevail

The news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain

"O heavy news," King James did say,
"Scotland may witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he"

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy Chace

"Now God be with him," said our King,
"Sith it will no better be,
I trust I have, within my realm,
Five hundred as good as he,

“Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say,
 But I will vengeance take
 I'll be revenged on them all,
 For brave Earl Percy's sake”

This vow full well the King performed
 After, at Hambledown,
 In one day, fifty knights were slain
 With lords of great renown,

And of the rest of small account
 Did many thousands die
 Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy Chase,
 Made by the Earl Percy

God save our King, and bless this land
 With plenty, joy, and peace
 And grant henceforth that foul debate
 'Twixt noblemen may cease

MICHAEL DRAYTON, 1563—1631

A SUMMERS EVENING

Clear had the day been from the dawn,
 All chequered was the sky,
 The clouds, like scarp of cob-web lawn,
 Veiled heaven's most glorious eye

The wind had no more strength than this,
 That leisurely it blew,
 To make one leaf the next to kiss
 That closely by it grew

The hills that on the pebbles played
Might now be heard at will,
This world the only music made,
Everything was still

The flowers, like brave embroidered girls,
Looked as they most desired
To see whose head with orient pearls
Most curiously was tired

And to itself the subtle air
Such sovereignty assumes,
That it receives too large a share
From Nature's rich perfumes

- - - - -

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

You brave heroic minds,
Worthy your Country's name,
That honour still pursue
Go and subdue
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home with shame

Britons, you stay too long,
Quickly aboard bestow you,
And with a merry gale
Swell your stretched sail,
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you

Your course securely steer,
West and by South forth keep,
Rocks, lee shores nor shoals,
When Aeolus scowls
You need not fear,
So absolute the deep

And cheerfully at sea
Success you still entice
To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold,
Virginia,
Earth's only Paradise

Where Nature hath in store
Fowl, venison and fish,
And the fruitfullest soil,
Without your toil
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
The cedar reaching high
To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine,
And useful sassafias

To whom the Golden Age
Still Nature's laws doth give
Nor other cares attend
But them to defend
From winter's rage,
That long there doth not live

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land
 Above the seas that flows
 The clea wind throws
Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given)
 O you, the happiest men,
 Be frolic then,
Let cannons roar
Frighting the wide heaven

And in regions far
Such heroes bring ye forth
 As those from whom we came,
 And plant our name
Under that Star
Not known unto our North

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel everywhere,
 Apollo's sacred tree,
 You it may see
A poet's brows
To crown that may sing there

Thy *Voyages* attend,
Industrious Hakluyt,
 Whose reading shall inflame
 Men to seek fame
And much commend
To after-times thy wit

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 1564—1616

CASSIUS TO BRUTUS

Cass I was born free as Cæsar, so were you
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow, so indeed he did
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy,
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake 'tis true, this god did shake
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre I did hear him groan
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,

Alas, it cried 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone
Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves
Men at some time are masters of their fates
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings
Brutus and Cæsar what should be in that 'Cæsar' ?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name,
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well,
Weigh them, it is as heavy, conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed !
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man ?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man ?
Now is it *Rome* indeed and *room* enough,
When there is in it but one only man
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king

THE BURDEN OF THE KING
HENRY V TO HIMSELF

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children and our sins lay on the king!
We must bear all O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose,
I am a king that find thee, and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus and all night
Sleeps in Elysium, next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hou the peasant best advantages

IMAGINATION IN ADVERSITY

Gaunt All places that the eye of heaven visits
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus,
 There is no virtue like necessity
 Think not the king did banish thee,
 But thou the king Woe doth the heavier sit,
 Where it perceives it is but faintly borne
 Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour
 And not the king exiled thee, or suppose
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st
 Suppose the singing birds musicians,
 The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strewed
 The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
 Than a delightful measure or a dance,
 For gnawing sorrow hath less power to bite
 The man that mocks at it and sets it light
Bolingbroke O, who can hold a fire in his hand
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
 By bare imagination of a feast?
 Or wallow naked in December snow
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
 O, no! the apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more

Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore

Gaunt Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay

Bolingbroke Then, England's ground, farewell, sweet
soil, adieu,

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !

Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,

Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman

THE KING RESIGNS

K Richard Now mark me, how I will undo myself

I give this heavy weight from off my head

And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,

The pride of kingly sway from out my heart,

With mine own tears I wash away my balm,

With mine own hands I give away my crown,

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,

With mine own breath release all duty's rites

All pomp and majesty I do forswear,

My manors, rents, revenues I forego,

My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny

God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !

God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee !

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,

And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved !

Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,

And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !

God save King Harry, unking'd Richard says,

And send him many years of sunshine days !

FALLIN' GREATNESS

Wolsey So farewell to the little good you bear me
Farewell ' a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him,
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth my high-blown pride
At length broke under me and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye
I feel my heart new opened O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would fawn to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have
And when he falls he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again

WOLSEY TO CROMWELL

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries, but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman
Let's dry our eyes and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
I found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in,
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition
By that sin fell the angels, how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last cherish those hearts that hate thee,
Corruption wins not more than honesty
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues Be just, and fear not
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's, then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king,
And,—put thee lead me in
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny, 'tis the king's my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, 1564—1593

IAMBURLAINE INVITES THERIDAMAS TO COME
OVER TO HIM

Forsake thy king, and do but join with me,
And we will triumph over all the world,
I hold the Fates bound fast in iron chains,
And with my hand turn Fortune's wheel about
And sooner shall the sun fall from his sphere
Than Tamburlaine be slain or overcome
Draw forth thy sword, thou mighty man-at-arms,
Intending but to raze my charmed skin,
And Jove himself will stretch his hand from Heaven
To ward the blow and shield me safe from harm.
See how he rains down heaps of gold in showers,
As if he meant to give my soldiers pay!
And as a sure and grounded argument,
That I shall be the monarch of the East,
He sends his Soldan's daughter rich and brave,
To be my Queen and portly Emperess
If thou wilt stay with me, renowned man,
And lead thy thousand horse with my conduct,
Besides thy share of this Egyptian prize,
Those thousand horse shall sweat with martial spoil
Of conquered kingdoms and of cities sacked,
Both we will walk upon the lofty cliffs,
And Christian merchants that with Russian stems
Plough up huge furrows in the Caspian Sea
Shall vail to us, as lords of all the lake
Both we will reign as consuls of the earth,
And mighty kings shall be our Senators

Jove sometimes maskèd in a shepherd's weed,
 And by those steps that he hath scaled the Heavens
 May we become immortal like the Gods
 Join with me now in this my mean estate,
 (I call it mean because, being yet obscure,
 The nations far removed admire me not,)
 And when my name and honour shall be spread
 As far as Boreas claps his brazen wings,
 O fair Bootes sends his cheerful light,
 Then shalt thou be competitor with me,
 And sit with Tamburlaine in all his majesty

SIR HENRY WOTTON, 1568—1639

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught
 That serveth not another's will,
 Whose armour is his honest thought
 And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied unto the world by care
 Of public fame, or private breath ,

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Nor vice, who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given by praise ,
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great,

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of His grace than gifts to lend,
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend,

—This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall,
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all

BEN JONSON, 1573—1637

MAN'S TRUE MEASURE

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make Man better be,
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night—
 It was the plant and flower of light
 In small proportions we just beauties see,
 And in short measure life may perfect be

ROBERT HERRICK, 1591—1634

TO DAFFODILS

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon
As yet the early-rising Sun
 Has not attain'd his noon
 Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song,
And, having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along

We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a Spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay
 As you, or any thing
 We die,
As your hours do, and day
 Away
 Like to the Summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
 Ne'er to be found again

JOHN MILTON, 1608—1674

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
 Sphere-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and Verse!
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ,
 Dead things with imbreathed sense able to pierce,
 And to our high-raised phantasy present
 That undisturbed Song of pure concent
 Aye sung before the sapphire colour'd throne

To Him that sits thereon,
 With saintly shout and solemn jubilee,
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
 Then loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
 And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
 Touch then immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly

That we on Earth, with undiscording voice,
 May rightly answer that melodious noise
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and then state of good
 O may we soon again renew that Song,
 And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
 To His celestial concert us unite,
 To live with Him, and sing in endless morn'g of light!

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

Avenge, O Lord! Thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,
 Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old
 When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
 Forget not in Thy book record their groans
 Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To heaven Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple Tyrant that from these may grow
 A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe

ON THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX

Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,
 And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings,
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise
 Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand
 (For what can war but endless war still breed?)
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,
 And public faith cleared from the shameful brand
 Of public fraud In vain doth Valour bleed,
 While Avarice and Rapine share the land

TO CROMWELL

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
 And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
 Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
 While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
 And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureate wreath yet much remains
 To conquer still, Peace hath her victories
 No less renowned than War new foes arise,
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hucling wolves, whose Gospel is then maw

'THY GLORIOUS WORKS'

'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty! thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fan thyself how wondrous then!
 Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works, yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of Light,
 Angels—for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing—ye in Heaven,
 On Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end
 Fairest of Stars, last in the train of Night,

If better thou belong not to the Dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime
Thou Sun, of this great World both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st'

THE TRUE GLORY OF MAN

They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault What do these worthies
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
'Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
'Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacrifice?
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other,
'Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,
Rolling in brutish vices, and deformed,
Violent or shameful death their due reward
But, if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attained,
Without ambition, war, or violence,
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,

By patience, temperance I mention still
 Him whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne,
 Made famous in a land and times obscure,
 Who names not now with honour patient Job?
 Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)
 By what he taught and suffered for so doing,
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors

ALEXANDER POPE, 1688—1744

THE QUIET LIFE

Happy the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter, fire

Blest, who can unconcernedly find
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night, study and ease
 Together mix'd sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most doth please
 With meditation

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie

THOMAS GRAY, 1716—1771

THE ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The mopeing owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clamor, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knee the envied kiss to share

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour
The paths of glory lead but to the grave

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll,
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd,
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shame of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray,
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires,
 E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted Fires

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, -

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
 Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love

“One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav’rite tree,
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he

“The next, with dinges due in sad array
Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw him born —
Approach and read (for thou can’st read) the lay,
Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn ”

THE EPITAPH

*Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark’d him for her own*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav’n did a recompence as largely send
He gave to mis’ry all he had, a tear,
He gain’d from Heav’n (’twas all he wish’d) a friend*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God*

THE BARD

A PINDARIC ODE

I 1

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait,
Tho' fann'd by conquest's crimson wing
They mock the air with idle state
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'

Such were the sounds that o'er the crestèd pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array
Stout Gloster stood aghast in speechless trance
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance

I 2

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood,
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre

Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
 O'er thee, oh King! then hundred arms they wave,
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe,
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 To high-born Huel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay

I 3

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 That hush'd the stormy main
 Brave Uten sleeps upon his craggy bed
 Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head
 On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
 Stain'd with gore, and ghastly pale
 Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail,
 The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
 No more I weep They do not sleep
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 I see them sit, they linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line'

II 1

"Weave the warp, and weave the wool,
 The winding-sheet of Edward's race
 Give ample room, and verge enough
 The characters of hell to trace
 Mark the year, and mark the night,
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring
 Shrieks of an agonizing King."

She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
 That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
 From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 The scourge of Heaven! What terrors round him wait!
 Amazement in his van, with flight combine'd
 And sorrows faded form, and solitude behind

II 2

Mighty victor, mighty Lord!
 Low on his funeral couch he lies!
 No pitying heart no eye afford
 A tear to grace his obsequies
 Is the sable warrior fled?
 Thy son is gone! He rests among the dead
 The swarm, that in thy noon tide beam were bound
 Gone to salute the rising morn
 Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes
 Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm,
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
 That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey

II 3

“Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest
•Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havock urge their destined course,
And thro’ the kindied squadrons mow then way
Ye towers of Julius, London’s lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort’s faith, his father’s fame,
And spare the meek usurper’s holy head
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread
The bristled boar in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade
Now, Brothers, bending o’er th’ accused loom
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom

III 1

“Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof The thread is spun)
Half of thy heart we consecrate
(The web is wove The work is done)’
‘Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes

But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

III. 2.

'Girt with many a Baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine!

Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.

What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play!

Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

III. 3.

'The verse adorn again
Fierce war, and faithful love,
And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
In buskin'd measures move
Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.

A voice, as of the Chaiub-Chou,
 Gales from blooming Eden bear
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 That lost in long futurity expire
 Fond impious man, think'st thou, yon sanguine cloud,
 Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray
 Enough for me with joy I see
 The different doom our Fates assign
 Be thine despair, and sceptred care,
 To triumph, and to die, are mine.
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night

PRINCE HOARE, 1755—1834

ARLITHUSA

Come all ye jolly sailors bold,
 Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
 While English glory I unfold,
 Huzza for the Arcthusa!
 She is a frigate tight and brave,
 As ever stemmed the dashing wave
 Her men are staunch
 To their fav'rite launch,
 And when the foe shall meet our fire,
 Sooner than strike, we'll all expire
 On board of the Arcthusa

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out
 The English Channel to cruise about,
 When four French sail, in show so stout,
 Bore down on the Arcthusa
 The famed Belle Poule straight ahead did lie,
 The Arcthusa seemed to fly
 Not a sheet, or a tack,
 Or a brace, did she slack
 Though the Frenchman laughed and thought it stuff,
 But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
 On board of the Arcthusa

On deck five hundred men did dance,
 The stoutest they could find in France
 We with two hundred did advance

On board of the Arcthusa
 Our captain hailed the Frenchman 'Ho !!'
 'The Frenchman then cried out 'Hullo !!'
 'Bear down, d'ye see,
 To our Admiral's lee !!'

'No, no,' says the Frenchman, 'that can't be !'
 'Then I must lug you along with me,'
 Says the saucy Arcthusa

The fight was off the Frenchman's land
 We forced them back upon their strand,
 For we fought till not a stick could stand
 Of the gallant Arcthusa

And now we've driven the foe ashore
 Never to fight with Britons more,
 Let each fill his glass
 To his favorite lass

A health to our captain and officers true
 And all that belong to the jovial crew
 On board of the Arcthusa

ROBERT BURNS, 1759—1796

'A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT'

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head and a' that?
The coward slave! we pass him by—
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Our toils obscure and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey and a' that?
Gie fools then silks and knaves then wine—
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and staves and a' that,
I'hoogh hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof, for a' that!
For a' that and a' that,
His ribband, stair, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that

ROBERT BURNS

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith! he mauna fa' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Then dignities and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher rank than a' that

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree and a' that!
For a' that and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that!

OLD BALLAD

HELEN OF KIRCONNELL

I wish I were where Helen lies
Night and day on me she cries
O that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms bled Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think na but my heart was san
When my Love dropt down and spak nae man'
I laid her down wi' meikle care

On fair Kirconnel lea

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,

On fair Kirconnell lea,

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',

For her sake that died for me

O Helen fair, beyond compare'
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for everman

Until the day I die

O that I were where Helen lies'
Night and day on me she cries,
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, 'Haste and come to me!'

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest

On fair Kirconnell lea

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my cen,
And I in Helen's arms lying,

On fair Kirconnell lea

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries,
And I am weary of the skies,

Since my Love died for me

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770—1850

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

Earth has not anything to show more fair
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty
This City now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,—
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill,
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!

The river glideth at his own sweet will
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

TO A CUCKOO

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring'
Even yet thou art to me
No bud, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery,

The same whom in my school boy days
I listen'd to, that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green,
And thou wert still a hope, a love,
Still long'd for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet,
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do begot
That golden time again

O blessed Bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place,
That is fit home for Thee!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

ON MILTON

Milton ' thou shouldst be living at this hour
England hath need of thee, she is a fen
Of stagnant waters, altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men,
Oh! raise us up, return to us again,
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart,
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness, and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on himself did lay

ON VENICE

Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee
And was the safeguard of the West, the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest child of Liberty

She was a maiden city, bight and free
No guile seduced, no force could violate,
And when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea

And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay,—
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid

When her long life hath reach'd its final day
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is pass'd away

THE SKYLARK

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain
—'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—
Thinks not the less the bosom of the plain
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy Spring

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood,
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine,
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home

SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1771--1832

THE RED HARLOW

The herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredging song,
For they come of a gentle kind

Now hush your tongue, bairn wife and cule,
And listen, great and small,
And I will sing of Clellan's Earl
That fought on the red Harlow

The cronach's cried on Bennachie,
And down the Don and a,
And heil and hal and may mountie' be
For the sair field of Harlow

They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They hae bridled a hundred black,
With a chariot of steel on each horse's head
And a good knight upon his back

They haena ridden a mile, a mil',
A mile but barely ten,
When Donald came blanking down the burn
Wi' twenty thousand men

Their tartans they were waving wide
Their glaives were glancing clear,
The pibrochs rang frae side to side,
Would deafen ye to hear

The great Earl in his stirrups stood,
That Highland host to see
'Now here a knight that's stout and good
May prove a jeopardie

What wouldst thou do, my squire so gay,
That rides beside my reyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?

To turn the rein were sin and shame,
To fight were wondrous peril
What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl?

'Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,
And ye were Roland Cheyne,
The spur should be in my horse's side,
And the bridle upon his mane

If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaid,
And we are mail-clad men

My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude,
As through the moorland fern,
Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude
Grow cauld for Highland kerne'

PROUD MAISIE

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early,
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely

‘Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?’

— ‘When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry y

‘Who makes the bridal bed,
Bridie, say true?’

— ‘The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly,

‘The glowworm on the grave and stone
Shall light thee steady

The owl from the steeple sing
Welcome proud lady

— — — — —

PIBROCH OF DONAIL DNU

Pibroch of Donail Dnu,
Pibroch of Donail,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war-array,
Gentles and commons

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one
Leave untended the heid,
The flock without shelter,
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar,
Leave the deer, leave the steed,
Leave nets and barges
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadsword and targe
Come as the winds come, when
Forcsts are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master
Fast they come, fast they come,
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Knell for the onset!

BRIGNALL'S BANKS

O Brignall banks are wild and lan,
 And Creta woods are green,
 And you may gather garlands there
 Would grace a summer-queen
 And as I rode by Dalton-Hall
 Beneath the turrets high
 A Maiden on the castle-wall
 Was singing merrily
 O Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
 And Creta woods are green
 I'd rather love with Edmund there
 Than reign our English queen
 If, Maiden, thou wouldst vend with me,
 To leave both tower and town,
 Thou first must guess what life and we
 That dwell by dale and down
 And if thou canst that ridele read,
 As read full well you may,
 Then to the greenwood shun thou speed
 As blithe as Queen of May
 Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair
 And Creta woods are green
 I'd rather love with Edmund there
 Than reign our English queen
 'I read you, by your bugle-horn
 And by your palfrey good,
 I read you for a ranger sworn
 To keep the king's greenwood
 A Ranger lady, winds his horn,
 And 'tis at noon of light

His blast is heard at morny morn,
And mine at dead of night '
Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay,
I would I were with Edmund there
To reign his Queen of May '
'With burnish'd brand and musketoon
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Diagoon
That lists the tuck of drum '
'I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear,
But when the beetle sounds his hum
My comrades take the spear
And O! though Brignall banks be fair
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May '
'Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die,
'The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
Were better mate than I '
And when I'm with my comrades met
Beneath the greenwood bough,—
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now '

Chorus

'Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer-queen '

'HE'S GONE ON THE MOUNTAIN

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest
The font reappearing
From the rindrops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are noisy,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are scarest
But our flower was in fluting,
When blighting was nearest

Fleet foot on the corner,
Sage counsel in lumber,
Red hand in the istory,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain
Thou art gone, and for ever!

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN

'Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen'—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean

'Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale,
Young Frank is chief of Errington
And lord of Langley-dale,
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen'—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean

'A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair,
And you the foremost o' them a'
Shall ride our forest-queen'—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide
 The tapers glimmer'd fair
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride
 And dame and knight are there
 They sought her bath by bowen and ha'
 The ladie was not seen!
 She's o'er the Border, and awa
 Wi' Jock of Hazeldean

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, 1772—1834

FRIENDSHIP

Alas, they had been friends in youth,
 But whispering tongues can poison truth,
 And constancy lives in realms above,
 And life is thorny, and youth is vain,
 And to be wroth with one we love
 Doth work like madness in the brain
 Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother
 They parted—ne'er to meet again,
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining—
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder,
 A dreary sea now flows between,
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been

KUBLA KHAN

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree,
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail,
And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves,
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd
Singing of Mount Abora
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise

THOMAS CAMP ELL, 1774—1834

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone,
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line
It was ten of April morn by the chime
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time

—
But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene,
And her van the flecter rushed
O'er the deadly space between

"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back,
Their shots along the deep slowly boom —
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom

Out spoke the victor then
As he hailed them o'er the wave,
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!"
And we conquer but to save
So peace instead of death let us bring,
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King"

Then Denmark blessed our chief
That he gave her wounds repose
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away

LORD BYRON

Now joy, Old England, raise
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died
With the gallant good Riou ;
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

LORD BYRON, 1788—1821.

THE OCEAN.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak Leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which marm
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage, their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts—not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on this azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests—in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze or gale, or storm,
 Iceing the pole, or in the torrid clime

Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible, even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made each zone
Obeys thee, thou goest forth dread, fathomless, alone

And I have loved thee, ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
•Borne, like thy bubbles, onward from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight, and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here

THE SONG OF SAUL

I

Warriors and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

II

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet

III

Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart !
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day !

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST

I

The King was on his throne,
The Satiaps throng'd the hall
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine --
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless Heathen's wine !

II

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand
The fingers of a man --
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand

III

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice,
All bloodless wax'd his look,
And tremulous his voice
"Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth'

IV

Chalda's seers are good,
But here they have no skill,
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore,
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more

V

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view,
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true

VI

“Belshazzar’s grave is made,
His kingdom pass’d away,
He, in the balance weigh’d,
Is light and worthless clay,
The shroud his robe of state,
His canopy the stone,
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!”

NAPOLEON’S FAREWELL

[FROM THE FRENCH]

I

Farewell to the Land where the gloom of my Glory
Arose and o’ershadow’d the earth with her name
She abandons me now—but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is fill’d with my fame
I have war’d with a world which vanquish’d me only
When the meteor of conquest allured me too far,
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,
The last single Captive to millions in war

II

Farewell to thee, France! when thy diadem crown’d me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
Decay’d in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth

Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
 In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—
 Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
 Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on victory's sun!

III

Farewell to thee, France!—but when Liberty rallies
 Once more in thy regions, remember me then,—
 The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys,
 Though wither'd, thy tear will unfold it again—
 Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
 And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
 There are links which must break in the chain that has
 bound us,
Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice!

THE ISLES OF GREECE

'The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose and Phoebus sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have round the fame your shores refuse
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds that echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest"

The mountains look on Marathon
 And Marathon looks on the sea,
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I deem'd that Greece might still be free,
 For standing on the Persians' grave
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis,
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations—'ll we call his!
 He counted them at break of day
 And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? And where art thou,
 My country? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more!
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degrade into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the death of time,
 Though linked among a rotted race
 To feel at least a patriot's shame
 Even as I sing, surmise my race
 For what is left the poet here?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
 Must *we* but blush? Our fathers' blood
 Earth's render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylae!

What, silent still? and silent all?

Ah! no,—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,

And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb

In vain—in vain strike other chords,

Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,

And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget

The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine

He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant, but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend,
That tyrant was Miltiades!

Oh that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
On Suli's rock, and Paiga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore ,
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells ,
In native swords and native ranks
The only hope of courage dwells
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
Our virgins dance beneath the shade —
I see their glorious black eyes shine ,
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ,
There, swan-like, let me sing and die
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind !
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind,
 And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—
 To fetters and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Then country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind
 Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonivard ! May none those marks efface !
 For they appeal from tyranny to God

71

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, 1792-1822

THE SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit !
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated air
 Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire,
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run,
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight
 Like a star of heaven
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is hued
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overcrowd

What thou art we know not
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody,—

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bow;

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
'Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wing'd thieves

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass

Teach us, spirit or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt
Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?
With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee
Thou lovest, but ne'er know love's sad satiety
Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?
We look before and after,
And pine for what is not
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught,
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought
Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near
Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams,
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And then great pines groan aghast,
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits,

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depth of the purple sea,
Over the hills, and the crags, and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The Spirit he loves remains,
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
 Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine any nest,
 As still as a brooding dove

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer,

And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl,
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million coloured bow,
The sphere fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursing of the sky,
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores,
I change, but I cannot die
For after the rain when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere,
Destroyer and Preserver, hear, oh hear!

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning! there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Maenad, ev'n from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height—
The locks of the approaching storm Thou duffest
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst Oh hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer-dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,
Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intense day,
All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear
And tremble and despoil themselves Oh hear !

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear,
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee,
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than Thou, O uncontrollable ! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seem'd a vision,—I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need
Oh ! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !
A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud

Make me thy lyre, ev'n as the forest is
What if my leaves are falling like its own !
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new birth,
And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

SUNSET AT VENICE

Meanwhile the sun paused ere it should alight,
Over the horizon of the mountains, - oh
How beautiful is sunset, when the glow
Of Heaven descends upon a land like thee,
Thou Paradise of Exiles, Italy!
Thy mountains, seas and vineyards and the towers
Of cities they encircle!
As those who pause on some delightful way
Tho' bent on pleasant pilgrimage, we stood
Looking upon the evening and the flood
Which lay between the city and the shore
Paved with the image of the sky the hoar
And aery Alps towards the north appeared
Thro' mist an heaven sustaining bulwark reared
Between the East and West and half the sky
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry

Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
 Down the steep West into a wondrous hue
 Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
 Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent
 Among the many-folded hills they were
 Those famous Euganean hills, which bear,
 As seen from Lido, through the harbour piles,
 The likeness of a clump of peaked isles—
 And then—as if the Earth and Sea had been
 Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen
 Those mountains towering as from waves of flame
 Around the vaporous sun, from which there came
 The inmost purple spirit of light, and made
 Their very peaks transparent
 O'er the lagoon
 We glided, and from that funereal bark
 I leaned, and saw the city, and could mark
 How from their many isles in evening's gleam
 Its temples and its palaces did seem
 Like fabrics of enchantment piled to Heaven

JOHN KEATS, 1795—1821

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen,
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
 When a new planet swims into his ken,
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien

ALFUMIN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom friend of the maturing sun
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel, to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'erblurred their clumsy cells
 Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind,
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
 Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Sifts the next swath and all its twined flowers
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook,
 Or by a cyder-press, with patient look
 Thou watchest the last oozing hours by hours

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue,
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river-sallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies,
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn,
 Hedge-crickets sing, and now with treble soft
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies

LORD MACAULAY, 1800—1859

NASEBY

Oh! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
 With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red?
 And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
 And whence be the grapes of the winepress which ye
 tread?

Oh evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
 And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod,
 For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
 Who sate in the high places, and slew the saints of God

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
 That we saw their banners dance, and their cuirasses shine,
 And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced
 hair,
 And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the
 Rhine

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
 'The General rode along us to form us to the fight,
 When a murmuring sound broke out, and swell'd into a
 shout,
 Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right

And hark ! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
 'The cry of battle rises along their charging line !
 For God ! for the Cause ! for the Church ! for the Laws !
 For Charles King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine !

The furious German comes, with his claxons and his drums,
 His bivouacs of Alsatia, and pages of Whitchhall,
 They are bursting on our flanks—Grasp your pikes, close
 your ranks,
 For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall

'They are here ! They rush on ! We are broken ! We are
 gone !
 Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast
 O Lord, put forth thy might ! O Lord, defend the right !
 Stand back ! or back, in God's name, and fight it to
 the last

Stout Skippon hath a wound, the centre hath given ground
 Hark ! hark !—What means the trampling of horsemen
 on our rear ?
 Whose banner do I see, boys ? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he
 boys
 Bear up another minute—brave Oliver is here

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes
Fast, fast, the gallants hide, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar
And he—he turns, he flies —shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war
Ho ! comrades, scour the plain, and, ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your search secure,
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces
and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor
Fools ! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts
were gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day,
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the
rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey
Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and
hell and fate,
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades,
Your perfum'd satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and
your spades ?
Down, down, for ever down with the mitre and the crown,
With the Belial of the Court, and the Mammon of the
Pope ;
There is woe in Oxford Halls there is wail in Durham's
Stalls
The Jesuit smites his bosom the Bishop rends his cope

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
 And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's
 sword,
 And the Kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear
 What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses
 and the Word

EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE

To my true king I offered free from stain
 Courage and faith vain faith, and courage vain
 For him, I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
 And one dear hope, that was more prized than they
 For him I languished in a foreign clime,
 Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime,
 Heard on Iwerina Scargill's whispering trees,
 And pined by Aino for my lovely Tees,
 Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
 Each morning started from the dream to weep,
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
 The resting place I asked, an early grave
 Oh thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
 From that proud country which was once mine own,
 By those white cliffs I never more must see,
 By that dear language which I spake like thee,
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
 On English dust A broken heart lies here

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, 1807—1882

THE SLAVE'S DREAM

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand,
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his native land

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed,
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode,
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand,
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand!—
A tear fell from the sleeper's lids,
And fell into the sand

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank,
His bridl-arms were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew,
From morn til night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffie huts,
And the ocean rose to view

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena screech,
And the mule-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream,
And it passed like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day,
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away !

THE INDIAN HUNTER

When the summer harvest was gathered in,
And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin
And the ploughshare was in its furrow left,
Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,
An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,
Looked down where the valley lay stretched below

He was a stranger there, and all that day
Had been out on the hills, a perilous way,
But the foot of the deer was far and fleet,
And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet,
And bitter feelings passed o'er him then,
As he stood by the populous haunts of men

The winds of autumn came over the woods,
As the sun stole out from their solitudes,
The moss was white on the maple's trunk,
And dead from its arms the pale vine shrunk,
And ripened the mellow fruit hung, and red
Were the trees' withered leaves around it shed

The foot of the reaper moved slow on the lawn,
And the sickle cut down the yellow corn,
The mower sung loud by the meadow side,
Where the mists of evening were spreading wide,
And the voice of the herdsman came up the lea,
And the dance went round by the greenwood tree

Then the hunter turned away from that scene,
Where the home of his fathers once had been,
And heard, by the distant and measured stroke,
That the woodman hewed down the giant oak—
And burning thoughts flashed over his mind,
Of the white man's faith, and love unkind

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright,
As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white,—
A footstep was heard in the rustling brake,
Where the beech overshadowed the misty lake,
And a mourning voice, and a plunge from shore,
And the hunter was seen on the hills no more

When years had passed on, by that still lake side;
The fisher looked down through the silver tide,
And there, on the smooth yellow sand displayed,
A skeleton wasted and white was laid,
And 'twas seen, as the waters moved deep and slow,
That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow

—

THE SEA DIVER

My way is on the bright blue sea,
My sleep upon its rocky tide
And many an eye has followed me,
Where billows clasp the worn sea side

My plumage bears the crimson blush,
When ocean by the sun is kissed!
When fades the evening's purple flush,
My dark wing cleaves the silver mist

Full many a fathom down beneath
The bright arch of the splendid deep,
My ear has heard the sea-shell breathe
O'er living myriads in their sleep.

They rested by the coral throne,
And by the pearly diadem,
Where the pale sea-grape had o'ergrown
The glorious dwellings made for them.

At night, upon my storm-drenched wing,
I poised above a helmless bark,
And soon I saw the shattered thing
Had passed away and left no mark.

And when the wind and storm had done,
A ship, that had rode out the gale,
Sunk down—without a signal gun,
And none was left to tell the tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart—
The cloud resign its golden crown,
When to the ocean's beating heart
The sailor's wasted corse went down.

Peace be to those whose graves are made
Beneath the bright and silver sea!
Peace that their relics there were laid,
With no vain pride and pageantry.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

Southward with fleet of ice
Sailed the corsair Death ;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east wind was his breath:

His lordly ships of ice
Glistened in the sun ;
On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain ;
But where he passed there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed ;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
Then, alas ! the land-wind failed.

Alas ! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night ;
And never more, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand ;
"Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,"
He said, "by water as by land !"

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds,
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold
As of a rock was the shock,
Heavily the ground-swell rolled

Southward, through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, to the Spanish Main,
Yet there seems no change of place

Southward, for ever southward,
They drift through dark and day,
And like a dream, in the Gulf Stream
Sinking, vanish all away

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

"Give me of your bark, O Birch-tree !
 Of your yellow bark, O Birch-tree !
 Growing by the rushing river,
 Tall and stately in the valley !
 I a light canoe will build me,
 Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
 That shall float upon the river,
 Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
 Like a yellow water-lily !

' Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-tree !
 Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
 For the Summer-time is coming,
 And the sun is warm in heaven,
 And you need no white-skin wrapper ! '

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha ,
 In the solitary forest,
 By the rushing Taquamaw,
 When the birds were singing gayly,
 In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
 And the sun, from sleep awaking,
 Started up and said, "Behold me !
 Gecsis, the great Sun, behold me !"

And the tree with all its branches
 Rustled in the breeze of morning,
 Saying, with a sigh of patience,
 "Take my cloak, O Hiawatha !"

With his knife the tree he girdled,
 Just beneath its lowest branches,
 Just above the roots, he cut it,

Till the sap came oozing outward,
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar !

Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me !"

Through the summit of the Cedar

Went a sound, a cry of horror,

Went a murmur of resistance,

But it whispered, bending downward,

"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha !"

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a frame-work,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack !

Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-tree !

My canoe to bind together,

So to bind the ends together

That the water may not enter,

That the river may not wet me !"

And the Larch, with all its fibres,

Shivered in the air of morning,

Touched its forehead with its tassels

Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,

"Take them all, O Hiawatha !"

From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the frame work

"Give me of your balm, O Fir-tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir-tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water

"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries,
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent

Thus the Birch Canoe was bulded
 In the valley, by the river,
 In the bosom of the forest,
 And the forest's life was in it,
 All its mystery and its magic,
 All the lightness of the birch-tree,
 All the toughness of the cedar,
 All the birch's supple sinews,
 And it floated on the river
 Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
 Like a yellow water-lily

Paddles none had Hiawatha,
 Paddles none he had or needed,
 For his thoughts as paddles served him,
 And his wishes served to guide him,
 Swift or slow at will he glided,
 Veered to right or left at pleasure

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,
 To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
 Saying, "Help me clear this river
 Of its sunken logs and sand-bars"

Straight into the river Kwasind
 Plunged as if he were an otter,
 Dived as if he were a beaver,
 Stood up to his waist in water,
 To his arm pits in the river,
 Swam and shouted in the river,
 Tugged at sunken logs and branches,
 With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,
 With his feet the ooze and tangle

And thus sailed my Hiawatha
 Down the rushing Paquamenaw,
 Sailed through all its bends and windings,

Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,
 While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
 Swam the deeps, the shallows waded
 Up and down the river went they,
 In and out among its islands,
 Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,
 Dragged the dead trees from its channel,
 Made its passage safe and certain,
 Made a pathway for the people,
 From its springs among the mountains,
 To the waters of Pauwating,[†]
 To the bay of Taquamenaw

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE, 1810—1888

THE LOSS OF THE 'BIRKENHEAD'

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down,
 The deep sea rolled around in dark repose,
 When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
 A cry of women rose

The stout ship 'Birkenhead' lay hard and fast,
 Caught, without hope, upon a hidden rock,
 Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them passed
 The spout of that shock

And ever, like base cowards, who leave their ranks
 In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
 Drifted away, disorderly, the planks
 From underneath her keel

So calm the air, so calm and still the flood,
 That low down in its blue translucent glass
 We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,
 Pass slowly, then repass

They tarried, the waves tarried for their prey !
 The sea turned one clear smile ! like things asleep
 Those dark shadows in the azure silence lay
 As quiet as the deep

Then amidst oath and prayer and rush and wreck,
 Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
 Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck
 Formed us in line to die

To die !—'twas hard, whilst the sleek ocean glowed
 Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers !—
 '*All to the boats !*' cried one—he was, thank God,
 No officer of ours !

Our English hearts beat true—we would not stun
 That base appeal we heard but heeded not
 On land, on sea, we had our Colours, Sir,
 To keep without a spot !

They shall not say in England, that we fought
 With shameful strength unhonoured life to seek,
 Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
 By trampling down the weak

So we made women with their children go
 The oars ply back again, and yet again,
 Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
 Still under steadfast men

What follows, why recall?—the brave who died,
 Died without flinching in the bloody surf
 They sleep as well beneath the purple tide
 As others under turf

They sleep as well ' and roused from their wild grave,
 Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise ~~up~~,
 Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
 His weak ones, not in gain

ROBERT BROWNING, 1812--1888

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon
 A mile or so away
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming day
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind

Just as perhaps he mused, 'My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall,'—
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full galloping nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 ' And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy
 You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compress'd
 Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all shot in two

'Well,' cried he, 'Emperor, by God's grace
 We've got you Fatisbon !
The Marshal's in the market-place
 And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him !' The chief's eye flashed, his plans
 Soared up again like fire

The chief's eye flashed but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes
'You're wounded !' 'Nay,' the soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said
'I'm killed, Sue !' And his chief beside,
 Smiling, the boy fell dead

HENRY LUSHINGTON, 1812—1855

THE ROAD TO THE TRENCHES

AN INCIDENT IN THE CRIMIAN WAR

‘Leave me, comrades—here I drop,
No, Sir, take them on,
All are wanted—none should stop,
Duty must be done
Those whose guard you take will find me,
As they pass below’
So the soldier spake, and staggering
Fell amid the snow,
And ever, on the dreary heights,
Down came the snow

‘Men, it must be as he asks,
Duty must be done,
Far too few for half our tasks,
We can spare not one
Wrap him in this—I need it less,
Fear not, they shall know
Mark the place—yon stunted larch—
Forward’ On they go,
And silent, on their silent march,
Down sank the snow

O’er his features, as he lies,
Calms the wrench of pain,
Close, faint eyes, pass, cruel skies,
Freezing mountain plain

With far soft sounds the stillness teems,
 Church-bells, voices low,
 Passing into English dreams,
 There amid the snow,
 And darkening, thickening, o'er the heights,
 Down fell the snow

Look !, looking, for the mark,
 Back to others came,
 Struggling through the snowdrifts dark,
 Calling out his name
 'Here—or there—the drifts are deep—
 Have we missed him?—No—
 Look ! a little growing heap,
 Snow above the snow,
 Where heavy, in his heavy sleep,
 Down fell the snow'

Strong hands raised him, voices strong
 Spake within his ears,
 Ah ! his dreams had softer tongue !—
 Neither now he hears
 One more gone for England's sake,
 Where so many go,
 Lying down without complaint,
 Dying in the snow,
 Starving, striving, in the snow
 Simply done his soldier's part
 Through long months of woe,
 Long endured with soldier heart
 Battle, famine, snow,
 Noble, nameless, English heart,
 Snow cold, in snow

Keep who will the city's alleys,
 Take the smooth-shorn plain,—
 Give to us the cedar-valleys,
 Rocks and hills of Maine!
 In our North-land, wild and woody,
 Let us still have part,
 Aged nurse and mother sturdy,
 Press us to thy heart!
 Lo! the day breaks! old Katahdin's
 Pine-trees how its fires,
 While from these dim forest gardens
 Rise their blackened spires
 Up, my comrades! up and doing!
 Manhood's rugged play
 Still renewing, bravely hewing
 Through the world our way!

ALFRED TENNYSON, 1812—1892

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me
 I cannot rest from travel I will drink
 Life to the lees all times I have enjoy'd
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone, on shore, and when
 Through scudding drifts the many Hyades

Vext the dim sea I am become a name,
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known, cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all,
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy
 I am a part of all that I have met,
 Yet all experience is an arch where through
 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
 For ever and for ever when I move
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
 As though to breathe were life! Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to me
 Little remains but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things, and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire
 To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought
 This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and through soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine

There lies the port the vessel puffs her sail
There gloom the dark broad seas My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old,
Old ~~and~~ yet his honour and his toil,
Death closes all but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks
The long day wanes the slow moon climbs the deep
Moans round with many voices Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows, for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars until I die
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles whom we knew
Though much is taken, much abides, and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are,
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield

'YOU ASK ME WHY'

You ask me why, though ill at ease,
 Within this region I subsist,
 Whose spirits falter in the mist,
And languish for the purple seas!
It is the land that freemen till,
 That sober-suited Freedom chose,
 The land, where girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will,
A land of settled government,
 A land of just and old renown,
 Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent
Where faction seldom gathers head,
 But, by degrees to fullness wrought,
 The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread.
Should banded unions persecute
 Opinion, and induce a time
 When single thought is civil crime,
And individual freedom mute,
Though Power should make from land to land
 The name of Britain trebly great—
 Though every channel of the State
Should almost choke with golden sand—
Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
 Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
 And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South

FROM THE ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE
DUKE OF WELLINGTON

I

Bury the Great Duke

With an empire's lamentation,

Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall

II

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here, in streaming London's central roar
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore

III

Lead out the pageant sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow,
The last great Englishman is low

IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the Past
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street

O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew
Such was he whom we deplore
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er
The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more

v

All is over and done
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son
Let the bell be toll'd
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold
Let the bell be toll'd

And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds
Bright let it be with his blazon'd deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold
Let the bell be toll'd
A deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd,
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd
Through the dome of the golden cross,
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss,
He knew their voices of old
For many a time and many a clime
His captain's ear has heard them boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom,
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame,
With those deep voices our dead captain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-attemper'd flame
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame
And ever-ringing avenues of song

VI

'Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?'
Mighty seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea

Thine island loves thee well thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes
For this is he
Was great by land is thou by sea
His foes were thine he kept us free
O give him welcome this is he,
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee,
For this is England's greatest son
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun,
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won,
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Past the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes

Such a war had such a close
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings,
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down,
A day of onsets of despair!
Dash'd on every rocky square
Their surging chargers foam'd themselves away,
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew,
Through the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew
So great a soldier taught us there,
What longenduring hearts could do
In that world's-earthquake, Waterloo!
Mighty seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O Saviour of the silver coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!
And through the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name

VIII

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outcadden
All voluptuous garden-roses
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Through the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun
Such was he his work is done
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure,

Till in all lands and through all human story,
The path of duty be the way to glory
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illumined cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name

TO THE QUEEN

Revered, beloved—O you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth
Could give the warrior kings of old,
Victoria,—since your Royal grace
To one of less desert allows
This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that utter'd nothing base,
And should your greatness, and the care
That yokes with empire, yield you time
To make demand of modern rhyme
If aught of ancient worth be there,
Then—while a sweeter music wakes,
And through wild March the throstle calls,
Where all about your palace-walls
The sunlit almond-blossom shakes—

Take, Madam this poor book of song
For though the faults were thick as dust,
In vacant chambers, I could trust
Your kindness May you rule us long
And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say,
"She wrought her people lasting good,
"Her court was pure, her life serene,
God gave her peace, her land reposed,
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen,
"And statesmen at her council met,
Who knew the seasons, when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet
"By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea"

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FROM THE MORTE D'ARTHUR

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea,
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their Lord,
King Arthur then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,

Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere

“The sequel of to day unsolders all

The goodliest fellowship of famous knights

Whereof this world holds record Such a sleep

They sleep—the men I loved I think that we

Shall never more, at any future time,

Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,

Walking about the gardens and the halls

Of Camelot, as in the days that were

I perish by this people which I made,—

Though Merlin sware that I should come again

To rule once more—but let what will be, be,

I am so deeply smitten through the helm

That without help I cannot last till morn

Thou therefore take my brand, Excalibur,

Which was my pride for thou rememberest how

In those old days, one summer noon, an arm

Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,

Holding the sword—and how I row’d across

And took it, and have worn it, like a king

And, wheresoever I am sung or told

In aftertime, this also shall be known

But now delay not take Excalibur,

And fling him far into the middle mere

Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word”

* * * * *

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
 And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
 Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
 And strongly whcel'd and thiew it The great brand
 Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
 And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
 Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
 Scen where the moving isles of winter shock
 By night, with noises of the northern sea
 So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur
 But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere
 And lightly went the other to the King

* * * * *

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge
 "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
 And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world
 Comfort thyself what comfort is in me?
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done
 May He within Himself make pure! but thou,
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul More things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of Wherefore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day
 For what are men better than sheep or goats
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God

But now farewell I am going a long way
 With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
 To the island-valley of Avilion,
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies
 Deep meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
 And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound "

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
 Revolving many memories, till the hull
 Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
 And on the mere the wailing died away

‘RING OUT, WILD BELLS’

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light
 The year is dying in the night,
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow
 The year is going, let him go,
 Ring out the false, ring in the true

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more,
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife,
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times,
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite,
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be

• WILLIAM E AYTOUN, 1813—1865

FROM THE ISLAND OF THE SCOTS

I

The Rhine is running deep and red,
The island lies before—
“Now is there one of all the host
Will dare to venture o’er?
For not alone the river’s sweep
Might make a brave man quail
The foe are on the further side,
Their shot comes fast as hail
God help us, if the middle isle
We may not hope to win!
Now is there any of the host
Will dare to venture in?”

II

“The ford is deep, the banks are steep,
The island-shore lies wide
Nor man nor horse could stem its force,
Or reach the further side
See there! amidst the willow-boughs
The serried bayonets gleam,
They’ve flung their bridge—they’ve won the isle,
The foe have crossed the stream!
Their volley flashes sharp and strong—
By all the Saints! I trow
There never yet was soldier born
Could force that passage now!”

III

So spoke the bold French Mareschal
With him who led the van,
Whilst rough and red before their view
The turbid river ran
Nor bridge nor boat had they to cross
The wild and swollen Rhine,
And thundering on the other bank
Far stretched the German line
Hard by there stood a swarthy man
Was leaning on his sword,
And a saddened smile lit up his face
As he heard the Captain's word
"I've seen a wilder stream ere now
Than that which rushes there,
I've stemmed a heavier torrent yet
And never thought to dare
If German steel be sharp and keen,
Is ours not strong and true?
There may be danger in the deed,
But there is honour too"

IV

The old lord in his saddle turned,
And hastily he said—
"Hath bold Duguesclin's fiery heart
Awakened from the dead?
Thou art the leader of the Scots—
Now well and sure I know,
That gentle blood in dangerous hour
Ne'er yet ran cold nor slow,

And I have seen ye in the fight
• Do all that mortal may
If honour is the boon ye seek,
It may be won this day—
The prize is in the middle isle,
There lies the adventurous way
And armies twain are on the plain,
The daring deed to see—
Now ask thy gallant company
If they will follow thee!"

v

• Right gladsome looked the Captain then,
And nothing did he say,
But he turned him to his little band—
Oh few, I ween, were they!
The relics of the bravest force
That ever fought in fray
No one of all that company
But bore a gentle name,
Not one whose fathers had not stood
In Scotland's fields of fame
All they had marched with great Dundee
To where he fought and fell,
And in the deadly battle-strife
Had venged their leader well
And they had bent the knee to earth
When every eye was dim,
As O'Connell's hero's buried corpse
They sang the funeral hymn,
And they had trod the Pass once more,
And stooped on either side

To pluck the heather from the spot
Where he had dropped and died
And they had bound it next their hearts,
And taken a last farewell
Of Scottish earth and Scottish sky,
Where Scotland's glory fell
Then went they forth to foreign lands
Like bent and broken men,
Who leave their dearest hope behind,
And may not turn again

VI

"The stream," he said, "is broad and deep,
And stubborn is the foe -
Yon island-strength is guarded well—
Say, brothers, will ye go?
From home and kin for many a year
Our steps have wandered wide,
And never may our bones be laid
Our fathers' graves beside
No children have we to lament,
No wives to wail our fall,
The traitor's and the spoiler's hand
Have reft our hearths of all
But we have hearts, and we have arms,
As strong to will and dare
As when our ancient banners flew
Within the northern air
Come, brothers! let me name a spell
Shall rouse your souls again,
And send the old blood bounding free
Through pulse, and heart, and vein

Call back the days of bygone years—
 • Be young and strong once more,
 Think yonder stream, so stark and red,
 Is one we've crossed before
 Rise, hill and glen! rise, crag and wood!
 Rise up on either hand—
 Again upon the Garry's banks,
 On Scottish soil we stand!
 Again I see the tartans wave,
 Again the trumpets ring,
 Again I hear our leader's call—
 'Upon them for the King!'
 Stayed we behind that glorious day
 For roaring flood or linn?
 The soul of Græme is with us still—
 Now, brothers! will ye in?"

IX

Have you seen the tall trees swaying
 When the blast is sounding shrill,
 And the whirlwind reels in fury
 Down the gorges of the hill?
 How they toss their mighty branches
 Struggling with the tempest's shock,
 How they keep their place of vantage,
 Cleaving firmly to the rock?
 Even so the Scottish warriors
 Held their own against the river,
 Though the water flashed around them,
 Not an eye was seen to quiver,
 Though the shot flew sharp and deadly,
 Not a man relaxed his hold

For then hearts were big and thrilling
With the mighty thoughts of old
One word was spoke among them,
And through the ranks it spread—
“Remember our dead Claverhouse!”
Was all the Captain said
Then, sternly bending forward,
They wrestled on awhile,
Until they cleared the heavy stream,
Then rushed towards the isle

x

The German heart is stout and true,
The German arm is strong,
The German foot goes seldom back
Where armed foemen throng
But never had they faced in field
So stern a charge before,
And never had they felt the sweep
Of Scotland's broad claymore
Not fiercer pours the avalanche
Adown the steep incline
That rises o'er the pierce-springs
Of rough and rapid Rhine—
Scarce swifter shoots the bolt from heaven
Than came the Scottish band
Right up against the guarded trench,
And o'er it sword in hand
In vain their leaders forward press—
They meet the deadly brand!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, 1819—1891

A GLANCE BEHIND THE CURTAIN

Upon the pier stood two stern-visaged men,
Looking to where a little craft lay moored,
Swayed by the lazy current of the Thames,
Which weltered by in muddy listlessness
Grave men they were, and battlings of fierce thought
Had trampled out all softness from their brows,
And ploughed rough furrows there before their time,
For other crop than such as homebred Peace
Sows broadcast in the willing soil of Youth
Care, not of self, but for the common weal,
Had robbed their eyes of youth, and left instead
A look of patient power and iron will,
And something fiercer, too, that gave broad hint
Of the plain weapons girded at their sides
The younger had an aspect of command,—
Not such as trickles down, a slender stream,
In the shrunken channel of a great descent,
But such as lies entowered in heart and head,
And an arm prompt to do the 'hests of both
His was a brow where gold were out of place,
And yet it seemed right worthy of a crown
(Though he despised such), were it only made
Of iron, or some serviceable stuff
That would have matched his brownly rugged face
The elder, although such he hardly seemed
(Care makes so little of some five short years),

Had a clear, honest face, whose rough-hewn strength
Was mildened by the scholar's wiser heart
To sober courage, such as best befits
The unsullied temper of a well-taught mind,
Yet so remained that one could plainly guess
The hushed volcano smouldering underneath
He spoke the other, hearing, kept his gaze
Still fixed, as on some problem in the sky

Hampden O Cromwell, we are fallen on evil times
There was a day when England had wide room
For honest men as well as foolish kings
But now the uneasy stomach of the time
Turns squeamish at them both Therefore let us
Seek out that savage clime, where men as yet
Are free there sleeps the vessel on the tide,
Her languid canvas drooping for the wind,
Give us but that, and what need we to fear
This Order of the Council? The five waves
Will not say No! to please a wayward king,
Nor will the winds turn traitors at his beck
All things are fitly cared for, and the Lord
Will watch as kindly o'er the exodus
Of us his servants now, as in old time
We have no cloud or fire, and haply we
May not pass dry-shod through the ocean-stream,
But, saved or lost, all things are in His hand"
So spake he, and meantime the other stood
With wide gray eyes still reading the blank air,
As if upon the sky's blue wall he saw
Some mystic sentence, written by a hand,
Such as of old did awe the Assyrian king,
Girt with his satraps in the blazing feast

Cromwell Hampden! a moment since, my purpose was
To fly with thee,—for I will call it flight,
Nor flatter it with any smoother name,—
But something in me bids me not to go,
And I am one, thou knowest, who, unmoved
By what the weak deem omens, yet give heed
And reverence due to whatsoever my soul
Whispers of warning to the inner ear
Moreover, as I know that God brings round
His purposes in ways undreamed by us,
And makes the wicked but his instruments
To hasten their own swift and sudden fall,
I see the beauty of his providence
In the king's order: blind, he will not let
His doom part from him, but must bid it stay
As 'twere a cricket, whose enlivening chirp
He loved to hear beneath his very hearth
Why should we fly? Nay, why not rather stay
And rear again our Zion's crumbled walls,
Not, as of old the walls of Thebes were built,
By minstrel twanging, but, if need should be,
With the more potent music of our swords?
Think'st thou that score of men beyond the sea
Claim more God's care than all of England here?
No: when He moves His arm, it is to aid
Whole peoples, heedless if a few be crushed,
As some are ever, when the destiny
Of man takes one stride onward nearer home
Believe me, 'tis the mass of men He loves,
And, where there is most sorrow and most want,
Where the high heart of man is trodden down
The most, 'tis not because He hides His face
From them in wrath, as piousblind teachers prate

Not so there most is He, for there is He
Most needed

* * * * *

New times demand new measures and new men,
The world advances, and in time outgrows
The laws that in our fathers' day were best,
And, doubtless, after us, some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth
We cannot hale Utopia on by force,
But better, almost, be at work in sin,
Than in a brute inaction browse and sleep
No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him, there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will,
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!
The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do,
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled

* * * * *

I will have one more grapple with the man
Charles Stuart whom the boy o'ercame,
The man stands not in awe of I, perchance,
Am one raised up by the Almighty arm
To witness some great truth to all the world

So they two turned together, one to die,
Fighting for freedom on the bloody field,
The other, far more happy, to become
A name earth wears forever next her heart
One of the few that have a right to rank

With the true Makers for his spirit wrought
Order from Chaos, proved that right divine
Dwelt only in the excellence of truth,
And far within old Darkness' hostile lines
Advanced and pitched the shining tents of Light
Nor shall the grateful Muse forget to tell,
That—not the least among his many claims
To deathless honour—he was Milton's friend,
A man not second among those who lived
To show us that the poet's lyre demands
An arm of tougher sinew than the sword

A DAY IN JUNE

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days,
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays,
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten,
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers,
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys,
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace,

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives,
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings,
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay,
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it,
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green,
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell,
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing,
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by,
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack,
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

•THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

PART FIRST

I

“My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail,
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep,
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew”
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew

II

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool diowed the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray
’Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree,
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied,

She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though around it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight,
 Green and broad was every tent,
 And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night

III

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
 In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
 Had cast them forth so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his maiden mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail

IV

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
 And morning in the young knight's heart,
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
 And gloomed by itself apart,
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup

V

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sat,
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came,
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thull,
The flesh 'neath his armour 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall,
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn

VI

The leper raised not the gold from the dust
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door,
That is no true alms which the hand can hold,
He gives only the worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty,
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite, —
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before"

PART SECOND

I

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly,
The river was dumb and could not speak,

For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun
A single crow on the tree-top bleak

From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun,
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were splotch and old,
And she rose up decrepently
For a last dim look at earth and sea

II

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another hen in his carldom sate,
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail,
Little he recked of his carldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor

III

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
For it was just at the Christmas time,
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long-ago,
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,

Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
 He can count the camels in the sun,
 As over the red-hot sands they pass
 To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
 The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
 And with its own self like an infant played,
 And waved its signal of palms

IV

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms",
 The happy camels may reach the spring,
 But Sir Launfal sees only the gruesome thing,
 The leper, lank as the rain-blanch'd bone,
 That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
 And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
 In the desolate horror of his disease

V

And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee
 An image of Him who died on the tree,
 Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
 Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,
 And to thy life were not denied
 The wounds in the hands and feet and side
 Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me,
 Behold, through him, I give to Thee!"

VI

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
 And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
 Rememb'ered in what a haughtier guise
 He had flung an alms to leprosy,
 When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
 And set forth in search of the Holy Grail

The heart within him was ashes and dust,
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink,
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
 'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
 And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul

VII

As Sir Launfal muscd with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place,
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man

VIII

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon,
And the voice that was softer than silence said,
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!"
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Gail,
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now,
'This crust is My body broken for thee,
'This water His blood that died on the tree,

The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
 In what^{so} we share with another's need,
 Not what we give, but what we share,
 For the gift without the giver is bare,
 Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
 Himself, his hungering neighbour, and Me"

IX

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoond
 "The Grail in my castle here is found"
 Hang my idle armour up on the wall,
 Let it be the spider's banquet-hall,
 He must be fenced with stronger mail
 Who would seek and find the Holy Grail"

X

The castle gate stands open now,
 And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
 As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough,
 No longer scowl the turrets tall,
 The Summer's long siege at last is o'er,
 When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
 She entered with him in disguise,
 And mastered the fortress by surprise,
 There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
 She lingers and smiles there the whole year round,
 The meanest self on Sir Launfal's land
 Has hall and bower at his command,
 And there's no poor man in the North Countree
 But is lord of the earldom as much as he

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, 1819—1861

‘GREEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND’

Green fields of England ! where soe’er
Across this watery waste we fare,
Your image at our hearts we bear
Green fields of England, everywhere

Sweet eyes in England, I must flee
Past where the waves’ last confines be,
Ere your loved smile I cease to see,
Sweet eyes in England, dear to me

Dear home in England, safe and fast
If but in thee my lot be cast,
The past shall seem a nothing past
To thee, dear home, if won at last,
Dear home in England, won at last

‘SAY NOT, THE STRUGGLE NUGHT
AVAILETH’

Say not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field

• For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylig comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright

CHARLES KINGSLEY, 1819—1875

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND

Welcome, wild north-easter!
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr,
Ne'er a verse to thee
Welcome, black north-easter!
O'er the German foam,
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home
Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,

Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless an
Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day
Jovial wind of winter
Turn us out to play!
Sweep the golden reed-beds,
Crisp the lazy dyke,
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike
Fill the lake with wild fowl,
Fill the marsh with snipe,
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe
Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snowflakes
Off the cuddled sky
Hark! The brave north-easter!
Breast-high lies the scent,
On byholt and headland,
Over heath and bent
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow
Who can over-ride you?
Let the horses go!
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast,
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past
Go! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,

While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams
Let the luscious south wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen?
'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men
What's the soft south-wester?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas,
But the black north-easter,
Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea
Come, and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood,
Bracing brain and sinew,
Blow, thou wind of God!

EDWARD ARTHUR FREEMAN, 1823--1892

FROM THE MEED OF HEROES

Awake, ye sons of Marathon,
Day yokes her golden car,
Her milk-white steeds are chasing
The gloom of Night afar
The rosy fingered Morning
Hath lit the dark blue wave,
And pours her gentle brightness
Upon the heroes' grave
The grave which is our altar,
Where we this morn must pray,
And to the fallen heroes
Our richest offerings pay

Soft sweeps the blue Aegean
Around the heroes' grave,
Soft sweeps the breeze of morning land
Where rest the fallen brave,
The mountains bend in homage,
The trees wave soft in awe,
Over their graves who perished
For freedom and for law
But in the gloom of midnight,
When all beside is still,
Then doth the cry of battle
Float back from every hill,

Then rise the shadowy warriors,
And meet again in fight
But none may see their faces,
Nor harness gleaming bright
Yet ever on the breezes
The shouts of war are borne,
The clashing of their weapons,
The blast of flute and horn,
The clang of shivering harness,
The neigh of gallant steeds,
As meet the Grecian spearmen
And quiver-bearing Medes

Look to yon two fair pillars
That crown the grassy mound,
Carved with their names whose purple blood
Hath dyed this holy ground,
One for the sons of Athens,
One for each true ally,
Who dared for faith and freedom
In glorious fight to die

But while ye bend in homage,
To greet the fallen brave,
Think not their dauntless spirits sleep
Within the voiceless grave
Their bones below are mouldering,
Their shadows flit around,
But a happier home than we may tell
Their holy souls have found

Far, far beyond the western hills,
Where sinks the Sun-God's car,
Beyond Hesperia's laughing plains,
And Atlas frowning far,
Beyond the stream of Ocean,
Fast by his farther shore,
Their spirits dwell for ever,
And sorrow taste no more

So dwell they on for ever
In bliss that knows no end,
To whom the Gods who dwell on high
Have granted there to wend
Who dies for truth and freedom,
Who keeps his hands from wrong,
Who gives his people holy laws,
Who twines the wreath of song
These, in the happy island
By Ocean's western shore,
Reck not of earth's wild passions,
And fight and toil no more
There dwells Aristogiton,
And fair Hamodius too,
Who on Athens's festival
The hated tyrant slew
And there they dwell for ever,
The prize of holy deeds,
Who vanquished on this blessed ground
The quiver-bearing Medes

SIR GEORGE W COX, 1827—1902

FROM A LEGEND OF THERMOPYLÆ

Men of Athens, I beheld them
Wending to Thermopylæ,
Bravest of the sons of Sparta,
Strong as human hearts may be
Countless times within those goiges
I have wandered since that day,
Where are laid in sleep the heroes
Who at Pylæ passed away
I have sought each winding valley,
As to me the tale was told,
Tangled cleft, and craggy summit,
Where the Phocian watched of old

Well they knew Apollo's answer
Came not unto them in vain,
That the blasts of heaven should aid them
While they fought on battle-plain
So they prayed the viewless helpers,
And the vengeful winds arose,
Boreas and Oreithyia
Dealt their wrath upon their foes
Countless ships, with hosts unnumbered,
Helpless in the tempest's roar,
Tossed above the boiling surges,
Broke in pieces on the shore

And the dwellers of Magnesia
Reaped rich harvest many a day,
Wealth untold full long lay floating
'Mid the rocks that gird the bay
Jewelled cups and golden goblets
Sparkled on the barren strand
Broidered zones and gemmed tiaras
Lay as refuse on the sand
Such the aid Apollo rendered
While, in Pylæ's inmost dell,
By his place of hallowed council,
One by one the Spartans fell
Day by day the strife waxed fiercer,
And the baffled Persian fled
Day by day the Median archers
Lest a heap of nameless dead
Quailed the heart of Asia's despot,
As each lashed and driven slave,
Whom he sent to bind the Spartan,
Found within the gorge his grave
From his throne he leaped in anguish,
As he watched the fight below,
Persian lance and Median arrow
Fell in vain upon the foe
Day by day the strife grew hotter,
But the foe was dauntless still,
And the Persian withed in fury,
That the Gods should thwart his will
Lure and goad and lash were fruitless
Fraud alone may win the day,
And the Mede by traitor's guidance
O'er the mountain find his way

There the Phocians kept their watches
Through the silent hours of night,
While the sons of men were sleeping,
And the stars were glittering bright
With a soft and lulling murmur,
Trickled down the mountain hills
In the distance dim and shadowy,
Rose the vast Cætan hills
High upon the mountain summit,
Silent watched that little band
Far beneath the lazy ripples
Sunk to slumber on the strand
And the withered leaves of autumn,
Sere and yellow, clogged the ground,
There was not a breath to stir them,
As they lay so thick around
Faint the streak of early morning
Spread behind Eubœa's isle,
As on leafy Anopœa
Watched the Phocian guards the while
Through the darkness upward stealing,
Brighter yet the sunbeams played,
When they heard the sound of footsteps
By the rustling leaves betrayed
Then the foe, with might resistless,
Hurred to the pass below,
So the strength of open daring
Sinks beneath a traitor's blow
With no thought of hidden danger
Paced the Spartan watch his round,
While, unseen, the Median archers
Down the hill in silence wound

But the seer that read the omens
Told them that the end drew nigh,
"When the morning sun is risen,
They who stay must fight and die"
Then unmoved stood Sparta's heroes,
All save these were sent away,
And the remnant clocked them bravely
As was meet for festal day
And as victims for the altar,
There were traitors standing by,
Where the Spartan and the Thespian
Dared to tarry and to die
Cowering shrunk the dastard Thebans,
Faint of limb and false of heart,
In the pains of mortal conflict,
They with them must bear their part

Men of Athens, men of Athens,
Though so oft this tale is told,
It hath never lost its freshness,
And its glories wax not old
With the sons of those who battling
In the pass of Pylæ fell,
If ye now may meet as foemen,
This ye deem will please you well
Still within the dells of Pylæ
Mossy green the stones remain,
Telling where the Spartan heroes
By the Median shafts were slain
I have read the wondrous legend
Many a time with quivering eye,
"Tell the Spartans, at their bidding,
Stranger, here in death we lie"

E E BOWEN, 1830—1901

'FORTY YEARS ON'

Forty years on, when afar and asunder
 Parted are those who are singing to-day,
 When you look back and forgetfully wonder
 What you were like in your work and your play—
 Then it may be there will often come o'er you
 Glimpses of notes, like the catch of a song,
 Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,
 Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along
 Follow up! Follow up!
 Till the field ring again and again
 With the tramp of the twenty-two men—
 Follow up! Follow up!
 Routs and discomfitures, rushes and rallies,
 Bases attempted, and rescued, and won,
 Strife without anger, and art without malice—
 How will it seem to you forty years on?
 Then, you will say, not a feverish minute
 Strained the weak heart to the wavering knee,
 Never the battle raged hottest, but in it,
 Neither the last nor the faintest were we!
 Follow up! etc
 O the great days, in the distance enchanted,
 Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,
 How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted,—
 Hardly believable, forty years on!
 How we discoursed of them, one with another,
 Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,
 Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,
 Hated the foe with a playing at hate!
 Follow up! etc

Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong?
God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out whether earnest or fun,
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty and thirty and forty years on!
Follow up! etc

WILLIAM MORRIS, 1834—1896

CHIRON THE CENTAUR AND THE CHILD
JASON

Now, since the moonless night and dark was come,
Time was it that the child should leave his home,
And saddled in the court the stout horse stood
That was to bear them to the Centaur's wood,
And the tried slave stood ready by his lord,
With wallet on his back and sharpened sword
Girt to his side, to whom the horn and ring,
Fit for the belt and finger of a king,
Did Æson give, and therewith kissed the boy,
Who with his black beard played, and laughed for joy
To see the war-horse in the red torch-light
At last, being mounted, forth into the night
They rode, and thus has Jason left his home

All night they rode, and at the dawn, being come
Unto the outskirts of the forest wild,
They left the horse, and still the sleeping child

The slave bore in his arms, until they came '
 Unto the place where, living free from blame,
 Chiron the old roamed through the oaken wood,
 There by a flowering thorn-bush the slave stood,
 And set the little Jason on the ground,
 Who waking from sweet sleep, looked all around
 And 'gan to prattle, but his guardian drew
 The horn from off his neck, and thereon blew
 A point of hunting known to two or three,
 That sounded through the forest merrily,
 Then waited listening,

And mean time the sun,
 Come from the Eubœan cliffs, had just begun
 To light the high tips of the forest grass,
 And in the thorn the blackbird singing was,
 But 'mid his noise the listening man could hear
 The sound of hoofs, whereat a little fear
 He felt within his heart, and heeded nought
 The struggling of the child, who ever sought
 To gun the horn all glittering of bight gold,
 Wrought by the cunning Daedalus of old

But louder still the noise he hearkened grew,
 Until at last in sight the centaur drew,
 A mighty grey horse, trotting down the glade,
 Over whose back the long grey locks were laid,
 That from his reverend head abroad did flow,
 For to the waist was man, but all below
 A mighty horse, once roan, now well-nigh white
 With lapse of years, with oak wreaths was he dight
 Where man joined unto horse, and on his head
 He wore a gold crown, set with rubies red,
 And in his hand he bare a mighty bow,
 No man could bend of those who battle now

So, when he saw him coming through the trees,
The trembling slave sunk down upon his knees
And put the child before him, but Chiron
Who knew all things, cried "Man with Jason's son,
Thou needest not to tell me who thou art,
Nor will I fail to do to him my part
A vain thing were it, truly, if I strove,
Such as I am, against the will of Jove
Lo now, this youngling, set 'twixt thee and me,
In days to come a mighty man shall be,
Well-nigh the mightiest of all those that dwell
Between Olympus and Malca, and well
Shall Juno love him till he come to die

Now get thee to thy master presently,
But leave with me the red ring and the horn,
That folk may know of whom this boy was born
In days to come, when he shall leave this wild
And lay between my arms the noble child"

So the slave joyful, but still half afraid,
Within the mighty arms young Jason laid,
And gave up both the horn and the red ring
Unto the centaur, who the horn did sling
About him, on his finger, with a smile,
Setting the ring, and in a little while
The slave departing, reached the open plain,
And straight he mounted on his horse again,
And rode on toward Iolkos all the day,
And as the sunset darkened every way,
He reached the gates, and coming to his lord,
Bid him rejoice, and told him every word
That Chiron said

ROBERT WILLIAM BUCHANAN, 1841—1901

THE NAIAD

Dian white-armed has given me this cool shrine,
Deep in the bosom of a wood of pine
The silver-sparkling showers
That close me in, the flowers
That brink my fountain's brim, are hers and mine,
And when the days are mild and fair,
And grass is springing, buds are blowing,
Sweet is it, 'mid waters flowing,
Here to sit, and know no care,
'Mid the waters flowing, flowing, flowing,
Combing my yellow, yellow hair

The ounce and the panther down the mountain-side
Creep thro' dark greenness in the eventide,
And at the fountain's brink
Casting great shades they drink,
Gazing upon me, tame and sapphire-eyed,
For, aided by my pale face, whose light
Gleameth thro' sedge and lilies yellow,
They lapping at my fountain mellow,
Harm not the lamb that in affright
Throws in the pool so mellow, mellow, mellow
Its shadow small and dusky-white

Oft do the fauns and satyrs, flusht with play,
Come to my coolness in the hot noon day
Nay, once indeed, I vow
By Dian's truthful brow,

The great god Pan himself did pass this way,
And, all in festal oak-leaves clad,
His limbs among these lilies throwing,
Watchèd the silver waters flowing
Listened to their music glad,
Saw and heard them flowing, flowing, flowing,
And, ah ! his face was worn and sad

Mild joys around like silvery waters fall,
But it is sweetest, sweetest fu of all,
In the calm summer night,
When the tree-tops look white,
To be exhaled in dew at Dian's call,
Among my sister-clouds to move
Over the darkness earth bedimmed,
Milky-robed thro' heaven swimming,
Floating round the stars above,
Swimming proudly, swimming, proudly swimming,
And waiting on the moon I love

So tenderly I keep this cool green shrine,
Deep in the bosom of a wood of pine,
Faithful through shade and sun,
That services due and done
May haply earn for me a place divine
Among the white-robed deities
That thread thro' starry paths, attending
My sweet lady, calmly wending
Thro' the silence of the skies
Changing in hues of beauty never ending,
Drinking the light of Dian's eyes

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY, 1849—1903

ENGLAND

What have I done for you,
 England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
 England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
 As the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful Sun,
 England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
 England, my own?
When shall he rejoice again
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
 To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,
 England, my England —
"Take and break us we are yours,
 England, my own!"

Life 'is good and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky
Death is death, but we shall die
 To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 To the stars on your bugles blown !”

They call you proud and hard,
 England, my England
You with worlds to watch and ward,
 England, my own !
You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies
You could know not dread nor ease
 Were the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Round the Pit on your bugles blown !

Mother of Ships whose might,
 England, my England,
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
 England, my own,
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient sword,
There's the menace of the word
 In the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Out of heaven on your bugles blown !

HENRY J NEWBOLT, b 1862

DRAKE'S DRUM

Drake he's in his hammock an' thousand mile away,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)

Slung atween the round-shot in Nombre Dios Bay,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe

Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,

Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an' toe,

An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',

He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),

Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe

' Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,

Strike et when your powder's runnin' low,

If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,

An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them
long ago"

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),

Slung atween the round-shot, listenin' for the drum,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe

Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,

Call him when ye sail to meet the foe,

Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyn'

They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him
long ago!

ADMIRALS ALL

A SONG OF SEA KINGS

Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Diake,
 Here's to the bold and free!
 Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
 Hail to the Kings of the Sea!
 Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame!
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name!

*Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame!
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name!*

Essex was fighting in Cadiz Bay
 With the galleons far in sight,
 Howard at last must give him his way,
 And the word was passed to fight
 Never was schoolboy gay^{er} than he
 Since holidays first began,
 He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
 And under the guns he ran
 Diake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
 Their cities he put to the sack,
 He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard,
 And harned his ships to wrack
 He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
 When the great Armada came,
 But he said, "They must wait their turn, good souls,"
 And he stopped and finished the game

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
 Duncan he had but two,
 But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled,
 And his colours aloft he flew
 "I've taken the depth to a fathom," he cried,
 "And I'll sink with a right goodwill,
 For I know when we're all of us under the tide
 My flag will be fluttering still"

Splinters were flying above, below,
 When Nelson sailed the Sound
 "Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,"
 Said he, "for a thousand pound!"
 The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
 But he wickedly wagged his head,
 He clapped the glass to his sightless eye
 And "I'm damned if I see it!" he said

Admirals all, they said then say
 (The echoes are ringing still),
 Admirals all, they went then way
 To the haven under the hill
 But they left us a kingdom none can take,
 The realm of the circling sea,
 To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake
 And the Rodneys yet to be

*Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame!
 And honour as long as waves shall break
 To Nelson's peerless name!*

'HE FELL AMONG THIEVES'

"Ye have robbed," said he, "ye have slaughtered and made
an end,

Take your ill-got plunder, and bury the dead
What will ye more of your guest and sometime friend?"
"Blood for our blood," they said

He laughed "If one may settle the score for five,
I am ready, but let the reckoning stand till day
I have loved the sunlight as dearly as any alive"
"You shall die at dawn," said they

He flung his empty revolver down the slope,
He climbed alone to the eastward edge of the trees,
All night long in a dream untroubled of hope
He brooded, clasping his knees

He did not hear the monotonous roar that fills
The ravine where the Yassin river sullenly flows
He did not see the starlight on the Laspur hills,
Or the far Afghan snows

He saw the April noon on his books aglow,
The wistaria trailing in at the window wide
He heard his father's voice from the terrace below
Calling him down to ride

He saw the gray little church across the park,
The mounds that hide the loved and honoured dead,
The Norman arch, the chancel softly dark,
The brasses black and red

He saw the School Close, sunny and green, '
 The runner beside him, the stand by the parapet wall
 The distant tape, and the crowd roaring between
 His own name over all

He saw the dark wainscot and timbered roof,
 The long tables, and the faces merry and keen,
 The College Eight and their trainer dining aloof,
 The Dons on the dais serene

He watched the line's stem ploughing the foam,
 He felt her trembling speed and the thrash of her screw,
 He heard the passengers' voices talking of home,
 He saw the flag she flew

And now it was dawn He rose strong on his feet,
 And strode to his ruined camp below the wood,
 He drank the breath of the morning cool and sweet,
 His murderers round him stood

Light on the Laspur hills was broadening fast,
 The blood-red snowpeaks chilled to a dazzling white,
 He turned and saw the golden circle at last,
 Cut by the Eastern height

'O glorious Life, who dwellest in earth and sun,
 I have lived, I praise and adore Thee'

A sword swept

Over the pass the voices one by one
 Faded, and the hill slept

RUDYARD KIPLING, b 1865

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain
shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgement Seat,
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,
nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come
from the ends of the earth!

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare, that is the Colonel's pride
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn
and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her
far away

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop
of the Guides

"Is there never a man of all my men can say where
Kamal hides?"

Then up and spoke Mohammed Khan, the son of the
Ressaldar

"If ye know the track of the morning mist, ye know
where his pickets are

At dusk he haries the Abazar—at dawn he is into Bonar,
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win to
the Tongue of Jagai

But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn
 "Ye then,
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown
 with Kamal's men
There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low
 lean thorn between,
And ye may hear a breech-bolt smick where never a man
 is seen"
The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough
 dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell, and the heart of Hell and the
 head of the gallows-tree—
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him
 "stay to eat—
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long
 at his meat
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the
 Tongue of Jagai,
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon
 her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made
 the pistol crack
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling
 ball went wide
"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said "Show now if
 ye can ride"
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a
 barren doe
The dun he leaned against the bit, and slugged his head
 above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden
 plays with a glove

There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and low
lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech bolt snick tho' never a
man was seen
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, then
hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like
a new-roused fawn
The dun he fell at a water course—in a woful heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled
the rider free
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room
was there to strive,
“’Twas only by favour of mine,” quoth he, “ye rode so
long alive
“There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a
clump of tree,
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked
on his knee
If I had raised my biddle hunch, as I have held it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a
row
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held
it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she
could not fly”
Lightly answered the Colonel's son “Do good to bird
and beast,
“But count who come for the broken meats before thou
makest a feast”
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my
bones away,
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a
thief could pay

They will feed their horse on the standing crop, then
men on the garnered grain,
The thatch of the byes will serve their fires, when all
the cattle are slain
But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy brethren wait
to sup,
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog, and
call them up!
And if thou thinkest the price be high in steer and gear
and stack,
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own
way back!"

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon
his feet
"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and
grey wolf meet
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath,
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the
dawn with Death?"

Lightly answered the Colonel's son "I hold by the
blood of my clan
'Take up the mare for my father's gift—by God, she has
carried a man!"

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled a
gainst his breast,
"We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but she
loveth the younger best
So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise studded
rein,
My broiled saddle and saddle-cloth and silver stirrups
twain"

The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle end,
"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he, "will ye
take the mate from a friend?"

"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight, "a limb for the
risk of a limb

Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to
him!"

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a
mountain-crest—

He tied the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked
like a lance in rest

"Now here is thy master," Kamal said, "who leads
a troop of the Guides,

And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder
rides,

Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and
bed,

Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy
head

So thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her
foes are thine,

And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of
the Border line,

And thou must make a trooper tough, and huck thy way
to power

Belike they will raise thee to Ressildar when I am
hanged in Peshawar

They have looked each other between the eyes, and
there they have found no fault,

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on
leavened bread and salt,

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on
fire and fresh-cut sod,

On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the
Wondrous Names of God

The Colonel's son he rides the mare, and Kamal's boy
the dun,

And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there
went forth but one

And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty
swords flew clear—

There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood
Of the mountaineer

‘Hi’ done! ha done!’ said the Colonel’s son “Put up
the steel at your sides!”

Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to night
’tis a man of the Guides!”

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain
shall meet,

Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God’s great Judge-
ment Seat

But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,
nor Birth,

When two strong men stand face to face, tho’ they come
from the ends of the earth!

H C BEECHING, b 1859

PRAYERS

God who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him
Like the thanks of a boy

Jesu, King and Lord,
Whose are my foes to fight,
Gird me with Thy sword
Swift and sharp and bright,
Thee would I serve if I might, -
And conquer if I can,
From day dawn till night
Take the strength of a man

Spirit of Love and Truth,
Breathing in grosser clay,
The light and flame of youth
Delight of men in the fray,
Wisdom in strength's decay,
From pain, strife, wrong to be free
This best gift I pray,
Take my spirit to Thee

NOTES

- 1 This cannot be regarded as having any relation to known historical facts. It describes the conventional type of Border fury.
- 2 **Tivy dale** = Eviot dale.
- 3 **Hambledown** Henry IV defeated the Scots here in 1402, but it should be noticed that the James of Scotland mentioned above (p. 7) was not crowned till 1424.
- 4 **scarp** = linen woven as fine as a cobweb.
- 5 **Hakluyt** in his *Voyages* (1588) collected the narratives of the Elizabethan voyagers and explorers, and himself helped in the colonization of Virginia, 1606-7.
- 6 **Tamburlaine** (or Tamerlane) was a Scythian shepherd who by military genius became King of Persia and conqueror of Central Asia: here he urges Theridamas, King of 'Algier,' to join him. This play, written and produced before Marlowe was twenty-five years of age, is of great interest as being the first work of the first poet who uses our modern English speech. Though immature it is striking by reason of its power of expression and vigour of imagination.
- 7 **merchants** = merchantsmen. **vail** = lower than flags in submission.
- 8 **Bootes** = a constellation close to the Great Bear, containing the bright fixed star Arcturus.
- 9 **competitor** = ally, associate.
- 10 Written in 1655, on the persecution by Charles Emmanuel II, Duke of Savoy and Piedmont, of his Protestant subjects.
- 11 **The triple Tyrant** is the Pope, from his triple crown.
- 12 **Darwen stream** the fight is better known as the battle of Preston, 1648.
- 13 Edward I, while marching with his army through a deep gorge in

FACT

North Wales is stopped by the wild but venerable looking figure of a bard, who, reproaching the king for his cruelty, foretells the misfortunes it shall cause to the Norman race, but declares that nevertheless it shall not extinguish the ardour of poetic genius in the land

- 34 **Snowdon** is here used, as the Saxons used it, to denote all the hill country of Carnarvon and Merioneth as far east as the River Conway

- 35 **Hoel**, a famous bard and soldier, son of Owen Gwynedd, prince of North Wales

Llewellyn, the leader of the revolt against Edward I, fell fighting in 1282

Cadwallo, **Urien** and **odred** not the well known bards of the sixth century who bore these names, but contemporaries of the bard who is the hero of this poem

Arvon, the shore of Carnarvonshire facing Anglesey

- 36 **Berkley's roofs** etc refer to the murder of Edward II in Berkley Castle in 1327

She-Wolf of France is Isabella, the faithless wife of Edward II. She was the mother of Edward III whose triumphs are alluded to in the next stanza. [The expression is borrowed, as so many are in this poem, from Shakespeare, who uses it of Queen Margaret (*Henry VI*, part III i. iv).] The **sable warrior** is of course the Black Prince, who died before his father Edward III. The last six lines of the page refer to Richard II, who was put to death in Pomfret (or Pontefract) Castle

- 37 **Lance to lance** i.e. the Wars of the Roses

towers of Julius i.e. the Tower of London, parts of which are supposed to have been built by Julius Cæsar, the scene of the deaths of Henry VI, his wife Margaret, and the young princes, Edward V and the young Duke of York, to whom '**infant-gore**' refers

The bristled boar is Richard II, whose badge was a silver boar and who was known during his lifetime as the 'Boar'

- 38 **genuine Kings** i.e. the accession of the Tudors (in 1485)

form divine etc is, of course, Elizabeth

Taliessin, chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century

The words '**The verse drest**' prophetically allude to Spenser '**In buskin'd breast**' to Shakespeare

PAGE

- 38 **buskin'd**, wearing the tall boots worn in Greek tragedy, hence=
tragic
- 39 **A voice from Eden** is Milton, and the distant warblings refer to his successors in the realm of poetry
'**The Arethusa**,' while cruising in the Channel, boldly called upon the *Belle Poule*, a French ship of the line of double its size, to surrender, and on its refusal attacked it, and succeeded, with the help of some more British ships which came up, in driving it ashore
- 41 **hoddin grey** is coarse cloth of undyed wool
birkie is a merry, jovial person
coof=fool
- 42 **mauna fa' that'**=must not try that
bear the gree=win the prize
Helen had two lovers, while in company of the one whom her parents rejected she is surprised by the rival. Enraged, the latter shoots and kills Helen who attempts to protect the man of her choice, he in turn avenges her death upon the slayer
- 48 **The Red Harlaw**, from *The Intiquary* in the battle of Harlaw, 1411, Donald, Lord of the Isles, who claimed the kingdom of Ross, was driven back by Alexander, Earl of Mar
- 50 **Pibroch of Donald Dhu**, modelled on an old fifteenth century pibroch, or call to arms, of the clan Macdonald
- 52 **Brignall's Banks** or 'The Outlaw' comes from *Rokby*
- 54 A huge for a deer hunter and warrior
correi is the sheltered side of a hill, where game lies
cumber=trouble, difficulties
- 57 Coleridge calls this 'A Vision within a Dream,' and avers that he fell asleep in his chair while reading Purchas, *His Pilgrimes* (1625), in 80 'Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereco, and thus ten miles of ground were enclosed with a wall', and while asleep he created this wonderful work, 'in which,' he says, 'the images rose up before him with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort'
- 59 **The Battle of the Baltic**, or Copenhagen, 1801, where Sir Hyde Parker, with Nelson as second in command, defeated the Danish fleet. **Riou** was one of the English captains who commanded the division of the frigates

PAGE

- 67 Supposed to be sung by a Greek minstrel in modern times -
Sappho, a poetess of Mytilene in the island of Lesbos, who lived about 600 B.C. she is called 'burning' from the passionate ardour of her love poems
Delos, we are told, rose from the sea at a stroke of Poseidon's trident here lived Leto the mother of Phoebus. It was the seat of Apollo worship of peculiar sanctity
Scian muse Homer was said to be a native of Chios, now Scio
Teian muse Anacreon, a native of Teos, who spent part of his life at the court of Polyarches, tyrant of Samos
- 68 **Marathon** was fought in 490 B.C. **Thermopylae** and **Salamis** in 480 B.C. See poem by Sir G. W. Cox, on p. 147 in 1 another by Croly, Part I p. 87
- 69 **Pyrhic dance** a war dance **Pyrhic phalanx**, the formation in which Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, ordered his infantry. He invaded Italy 280 B.C.
Cadmus was said to have introduced the alphabet into Greece
Chersonese, the tongue of land which forms the European coast line of the Dardanelles or Hellespont
- 70 **Suli** and **Parga** are in modern Epirus
Doric mothers the Spartans were the head of the Dorians race
Franks All natives of Christian Europe are Franks to the Oriental
Sunium the promontory of Attica crowned with a famous temple of Poseidon
- 71 **Chillon** is a mediæval castle at the east end of the Lake of Geneva. François de Bonniard was imprisoned here by the Duke of Savoy, 1530-6
- 72 **a. aenad** is a frenzied votary of Bacchus
- 73 The **pumice isle** is Nisida
- 81 **The Euganean hills** a group of low volcanic hills to the S.E. of Venice. Seen from the Lagoon they appear to stand out as a row of islets from the sea. Shelley often alludes to the wonderful atmospheric effects which characterise them
Chapman was the first English translator of Homer, temp. Elizabeth and James I.
- 82 Nuñez de Balboa was the first European to see the Pacific Ocean (1511)
- 83 **Naseby** **The Man of Blood** is Charles I. Sir Marmaduke Langdale and Astley were Royalist commanders of cavalry. Skippon commanded Cromwell's infantry on the centre.

FACT

- 86 **Lavernia** (or **Lā Vernia**) a wooded ridge of the Tuscan Apennines, near the sources of the Arno and the Tiber. It was the site of a famous hermitage of St Francis of Assisi.
- 92 **Sir Humphrey Gilbert** sailed for England from Newfoundland in 153. 'When the wind abated and the vessels were near enough, the Admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 9th of September he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the *Hind* to say, "We are as near heaven by sea as by land." In the following night the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. The people in the other vessel kept a good look-out for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 22nd of September they arrived, through much tempest and peril, at Falmouth. But nothing more was seen or heard of the Admiral.'
- 94 **Hiawatha** showed the Indians how to clear their rivers that they might pass along the great waterways in canoes. The essential thought which the poet embodies in this mythical hero is that of the winning of Nature to the service of man.
- 98 '**The Birkenhead**' troopship struck a sunken rock near Simon's Bay on 26 Feb. 1852. Out of 630 souls on board only 194 were saved.
- 104 **Lumbermen** have been a characteristic type of settler since the first days of English colonisation in America. They live the winter through in the backwoods, felling trees and tumbling them for the saw mills. His hardy forest life has always been 'the rugged nurse and mother sturdy' of the finest stock which the Colonies produce.
- 105 **Ulysses** laments his secure, unadventurous repose in Ithaca, and calls upon his comrades to go forth again with him in quest of fortune. The spirit of the Elizabethan time—and a touch of it has never been absent in English history since—breathes through the poem. We know that Tennyson was always powerfully attracted by the restless reaching after adventure which marked that period, when young men went forth,
 'Some to the Wars to seek their fortune there,
 Some to discover Islands far away' (Shakespeare).
- 121 The incident related in this poem befell in this way. After the final success of William III in reducing the forces of Viscount Dundee in 1689 the officers and many of the troops took

LACE

- service under Louis XIV. In Dec. 1697, this regiment of Scottish gentlemen was posted on the western bank of the Rhine, near Schlestadt in Alsace, keeping watch upon a German force on the opposite bank which was attempting to cross the river. In mid stream was a small island, which the enemy suddenly occupied. To recover this was a military necessity, and the Scottish corps as here related valiantly executed this perilous duty, maintaining possession against all attack until the German general abandoned his attempted passage of the river.
- 125 **Graeme** is John Graham, of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee.
- 127 It is certain that Hampden had resolved to leave England for the Puritan Colonies in North America, for he actually bought a large tract of land in New England. When the pressure of Archbishop Laud and of Stratford became more severely felt in the years 1633-8 many prominent Puritans emigrated and a larger number meditated the same course. But though the actual incident which Lowell relates in his poem is unhistorical, Mr Firth believes that Cromwell did about 1636 seriously consider removal to the New World.
- 129 **the walls of Thebes**. Amphion, King of Thebes, had such skill on the lyre that the stones moved of their own power and formed the walls. Movit Amphion liques cunendo," says Horace, *Od.* III. 11.
- 130 **whom the boy o'ercame** refers to the mythical story of a wrestling match between the young Oliver and the young Churls.
- 133 **Sir Launfal**. The legend of Sir Launfal appears in English for the first time in a poem by Thomas Chestre (*A.* 1430), the theme of which he derived from an early French romance.
- 144 **The Meed of Heroes**. 'This poem must be considered as a hymn sung in the worship of the warriors who fell at Marathon, and who received heroic honours' (Freeman).
- 147 **A Legend of Thermopylae**. 'The following narration is supposed to come from one of the few Athenians who were wise to the war with Sparta (i.e. the Peloponnesian War). These would be the old men, who knew most fully the strength and powers of endurance on both sides, and who may themselves have fought their first battles towards the close of the Persian War.'

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(479 B.C.), Cox. The date of Marathon was 490 B.C., of Thermopylae, 480 B.C.

- 147 **Boreas and Oreithyia** The North Wind and his spouse. As in the case of the Aimadi, storm winds aided the smaller Power in her unequal conflict on the sea. The reference is to the naval fight in the narrow strait between Euboea and the mainland, known as the battle of Artemisium, August, 480 B.C.

- 150, **dastard Thebans**, in that Thebes threw in its lot with Persia against its fellow Greeks.

- 151 **Forty years on** is one of Mr Bowen's Harrow School Songs.

- 152 **Aeson**, King of Iolchos, had been deposed by a usurper, Pelias, and for safety sent his infant son to be brought up by the Centaur Chiron, a mythical embodiment of primitive wisdom.

- 157 Mr Henley's **England** and the poems by Mr Newbolt which follow are typical expressions of the patriotic and imperialist feeling which has marked the past decade. Mr Newbolt's poems are printed from *The Island Race*, 4th Edition, 1901, by his kind permission.

- 159 **Drake's drum** a state drum, printed with the arms of St Francis Drake, is preserved among other relics at Buckland Abbey, the seat of the Drake family in Devon. (Note by Mr Newbolt.)

- 161 **Duncan**. The reference is to the Battle of Camperdown, 1797.

- 162 **'He tell among thieves'**. The scene is Chitral on the N.W. frontier, where the hill tribes are restless under the encroaching advance of the Emperor of India's power.

- 164 Mr Kipling's poem draws its scene and motive alike from the same general chapter of Indian experience. The Pathans—the race to whom Kamal belongs—range the frontier hills beyond Peshawar. The 'Guides' is the name of the fine irregular cavalry force which, recruited from all the fighting peoples of the N.W., keeps peace in the border land.

A **Ressaldar** is a native captain of a troop of horse. The **tongue of Jagai** is a broad waste valley, narrowing to a 'gut'. **Dust-devils** are whirling clouds of dust.